

HILARITY FOR HOT WEATHER

Pointed and Pithy Sayings in Both Poetry and Prose.

A POEM OF THE SPRINGTIME.

The Senator Didn't Want White Wash—
—A Colored Porter's Long Haul—
—A Porous Plaster Gun—
—Bad For Bolt.

This is a Real Spring Poem.

Now melodious and brazen toots the "little German band,"
Now "Hay a lo!" or "Hot-but!" resounds
Through the land, and the base ball club
Is seen, Likewise the tender violet and dandelion
green.
Now blow the cherry blossoms and the lilac
"Guns to bed,"
Now blow the patent medicines for cleansing
of the blood:
The poet pines upon the gentle spring,
Both bicycle and tricycle are now upon
the wing:
Now brand-new maple sugar from another
season's stock,
And now the beer tonic, which the bibu-
lous call "cock,"
Now the sunlight dances joyous upon ocean,
lake, and just as the sun is shining
But whether life is worth living now depends
upon the liver.

She Knew Her Man.

Dakota Bell: "Henry" shouted a
Duluth avenue woman to her husband as
he started down town, "aren't you going
to get me that water before you go?"
"Not this morning—in an awful hurry—
big day's work to do," and he tore
along down to the gate.
"But I want you to fix the cellar door
so the children won't fall down and
break their necks."
"Oh, watch 'em, watch 'em. I haven't
time; must be down to the office in five
minutes."
"Did you see the scandal in this morn-
ing's paper?"
"Yes," he replied, as he paused at the
corner.
"About Colonel Bilk and some woman
from Sioux City."
"Is that so? Well, I must read it," and
he came back, taking long steps. "I've
rather been expecting something of the
kind for quite a while."

One Way.

The poet, pale and frantic,
Of verses had a hoard;
And got in "The Atlantic"
By jumping overboard.

None Wanted.

Wall Street News: A practical joker
at Albany, who knew of an old farmer
with a hundred bushels of lime on hand,
sent him up to the state house to ask for
a certain senator, who might be induced
to buy the whole lot.
"I found him," explained the old man
as he returned, "and would you believe
that he flew mad in a minute, and said
he would kick me but for my gray hairs!
Darn it! If he hasn't got any white-
washing to do why couldn't he say so in
a civil way?"

Defied His Pa.

"My son," said a father in Mehl,
"I'd rather not have you go to school."
But the lad went to school.
Without his permission,
And thus he defied his pa's wish.

The Law and the Porter.

Chicago Herald: "See here, porter, I
gave you a dollar a few minutes ago, and
you have given me only ten cents change.
You can't come that on me. I'm too old
a kind of a traveler to be taken in that
way."
"Sorry, sah, but the new inter-state
railroad law, ye know sah, we darst
violate hit, yo' know, sah, undah pen-
alty."

"Don't you know, sah? The new law
say if a sho' haul de railroad an' only
satisfied to sho' haul, pay, but fo' a long
haul it must chage de long haul price.
Yo' se rode with me all the way from New
York. Dat am a long haul, an' d'ye
saw I'm gwine ter bring de law down
on my po' head. You can't only a sho' haul
pay de dat dollar. Sorry, sah, but
my o' d'ahs is to respect de into-state rail-
road law to de very lettab."

Anna Jones of South Bend, Ind.,
Was an overgrown, tall thing,
Her tongue was as long as her nose,
Her friends called her all kind of names,
And they called her the poor girl Wind.

What the Gun Was Good For.
"Yes, gentlemen," said one of the few
get unboycotted liars of the Bohemian
club as he finished a snipe-shooting story;
"that was the most remarkable gun I
ever saw. It wouldn't take a thousand
dollars for it."

"It's nothing to a gun I used to own,"
said an ex-ammunition prevaricator, walk-
ing up just then. "It was simply im-
possible for a bit to get away from that
gun. It made the closest and most regu-
lar pattern you ever saw. I traded it for
a fifty-acre lot."

"To Bogartus, eh?" said the other in-
famous equivocator, sarcastically.
"No, to Jimson, the big wholesale
druggist. He used it shoot holes in por-
ous plasters—fifty at a clip."

And then nothing could be heard ex-
cept the scratching of the other man's
pen as he wrote out his resignation.

O'Brien.
Is this the O'Brien of whom we've heard tell,
Who stood up for Ireland, whatever befall?
If that's you, O'Brien, defy'n' the Lion,
We'll be burnin' O'Brien, the name you sell.
—New York World.

Is this Mister O'Brien,
Who's a little bit of a liar?
Is this Mister O'Brien from over the sea?
It's Mister O'Brien, the commander of
the Mexican band of volunteers,
Then, Mister O'Brien, here's a good look to ye!

Not Sarah.
Detroit Free Press: A messenger boy
who came up Lafayette avenue the other
day found a young man waiting for him
at Shelby street, and when the boy
halted he was asked the question:
"Well, did you deliver the basket of
flowers?"

"Of course."
"Did she smile?"
"Not a bit."
"She didn't?" She must have seen the
card."

"Oh, yes, she read that the first thing,
and then she called the cook into the hall
and told her to leave the basket into the
back yard."

"Great Scott! But could that have been
my Sarah?"
"Oh, no, sir. It was your Sarah's
mother."

One in a Thousand.
St. Joseph Herald.
There is a man in our town, and he is won-
derous wise.
Whenever he writes the printer-man he
doth all his business.

And when he's dotted all of them, with great
sang froid and ease
He punctuates each paragraph, and crosses
all his 'ts.
Upon one side alone he writes, and never
rolls his 'ts.
And from the man of ink a smile, and mark
"insert" receives.

And when a question he doth ask (taught
He doth the costly two-cent stamp, for post-
age back, put in).

Bob Ingersoll and the Reporter.
A few days ago Colonel Ingersoll was
passing through Pittsburgh. He, with a
great many other passengers went into
the dining hall for breakfast. He was ap-
proached by a beardless boy, reporter of
the Post, who saluted him with:
"How are you, Colonel; how are things
looking out west?" The colonel turned

half around in his chair and said abrupt-
ly:

"No, I thank you; I never play cards."
The reporter explained who he was, but
the colonel would not listen to him.
The reporter, however, was equal to the
emergency and he wrote nearly a col-
umn story of the attempt of a confidence
man to get the best of Ingersoll. Since
the colonel's return to New York he has
received the congratulations of the army
of friends.

"An interview," he said, "would not
have caused me one half the annoy-
ance."

For Poker.
He had been out night after night for
several weeks, claiming to be a member
of the Business Men's association, and
that his presence at the meetings was a
positive necessity. The other morning
Mrs. Barker cornered him at the break-
fast table with:

"See here, Richard, but one of the serv-
ants saw you in a Monroe avenue saloon
last night."

"Yes; that's where the association
meets."

"What! A business men's association
meet in a saloon?"

"Certainly."
"But you were drinking beer and
playing cards?"

"Certainly I was. You don't seem to
know the object of a business men's as-
sociation! Did you suppose we went
there to sit down and look at the ceiling?"

Referred to the Proper Department.

Night Editor—which is the more ad-
vanced college—Harvard or Yale? Lit-
erary Editor—I'm sure I don't know.
You'd better ask the sporting editor. He
keeps track of the records. "The re-
cords." "Certainly. I believe they're
about even on boat races, but I think
Yale is a bit in the lead on foot-ball.
Still I may be mistaken. The sporting
editor will know all about it, though."

An Easy Solution of the Case.

Chicago Herald: A clothing firm oc-
cupying a prominent corner in Chicago
concluded some weeks ago that on the
1st of May it would extend its first floor
rooms by leasing the quarters then oc-
cupied by a German saloonkeeper. The
clothing people already occupied the
floors above the saloon on lease and by a
sort of agreement with the owner of the
block had a call on the ground floor
whenever they were ready to pay the
rental demanded. This time having ar-
rived the manager of the clothing store,
in order to avoid a misunderstanding
with the German and possibly to pre-
vent ruinous competition in bids for the
lease, called upon the saloonkeeper, and
in a friendly way remarked that he
guessed his firm would take the store
room after the 1st of May, and that the
dispenser of beer and pretzels had better
be looking for new quarters.

"But I don't want to move," protested
the German.
"Well, but you'll have to. You're a
poor man, and we are rich, and we can
pay three times as much for this room as
you can. If you'll go out quietly and
make no trouble about it, we'll help you
find a new place. If you stay here at
all you'll pay rent that'll make you sick
—mind that."

"Well, you come in two weeks and I
dell you vot I do."

Two weeks later, or shortly before the
1st of May, the manager called again.
The German was all smiles.
"Dot's all right, mine vriend. You may
sethlay up stairs, and I'll sethlay here. I
don't pay no rent at all, but you'll pay
sever hundred dollars a year more as you
paid last. I haf bought de block!"

It's Settled.
Mr. Clark and his wife were going to
California, but it is just possible that
they will stay in the city. It happened
in this way.

Mr. Clark was reading an article
about the country from a paper sent him,
and had just reached a sentence concern-
ing a windmill organization by which the
four railroad builders made princely fortunes.
"John Miller was invited by his friend
Hopkins to become its secretary. As it
was for his financial ability, that his ser-
vices were especially sought, it was
deemed useless to offer him anything less
than such services would demand any-
where, and his salary was fixed at
\$10,000 a year in gold. The Contract &
Finance company, as is well known, dis-
bursed all of the hundred millions or so
that the Central Pacific is alleged to have
cost to build. Of course not nearly all
that money went into the road and its
equipment, but it did go through the
Contract Finance company, and John
Miller kept the accounts and for ten
years or more possessed the closest
secret of the profits and losses of the
both railway and construction com-
pany. As time passed on Miller became
more and more valuable to his employ-
ers. Quiet, unassuming, and industrious,
for he worked night and day, and in-
terests, he was indeed a jewel of a
trusted official. His salary was in time
raised to \$15,000, and when, in 1880, the
road was completed to Ogden he was
given six months' vacation and sent to
Europe. Being a man of inexpen-
sable habits, Miller naturally saved money.
He began to invest in lands in the Sacra-
mento and San Joaquin valleys, but not
in larger quantities than the state of Chi-
hua, stealing quite a number of cattle
and murdering several Mexicans, as at-
tested by reliable witnesses; that Ma-
uricio Corredor, a citizen of said state, in
order to defend his home raised about
one hundred and twenty volunteers to
pursue the Indians; that he found their
trail and followed it till the 10th of Janu-
ary, and finally daybreak on the following
day he attacked the Indians, who were
entrenched in the rocks to the number of
two hundred and fifty or more. The fight
lasted about one hour, during which time
Mauricio Corredor, the commander of
the Mexican band of volunteers, was
killed, with four Mexicans, and several
others were badly wounded.

"Just about the end of the battle an
American soldier, without any uni-
form or military insignia whatever,
came out of the rocks and told the Mex-
icans they were fighting the United
States troops, and not hostile Indians.
The firing was at once stopped, and it
was not afterward renewed, as alleged by
Lieutenant Maus. Captain Crawford
had already been killed before the firing
ceased, but as soon as the Mexicans re-
alized what had happened they ex-
pressed their sincere sorrow for the un-
fortunate mistake, while the Americans
likewise expressed their regret at the
death of Corredor. The Indians then
agreed to restore the stolen cattle, which
they committed the raids aforementioned
on Mexican territory. They were dressed
just like the hostile Indians and had in
their possession the stolen cattle, which
led them to believe that they were
a formal demand was made for it by
the Mexicans. It is not true that Captain
Crawford waived a white handkerchief
when he came out of the rocks."

The Americans wore no uniforms or
insignia of any character whatever, nor
did they show any proof of being what
they represented themselves to be, except
a single scrap of paper written and
signed with a pencil. The cattle found in pos-
session of the Mexicans as belonging to some
farmers in Chihuahua, from whom they
had been stolen. The agreement allow-
ing the regular troops only of either
country to cross the boundary in pursuit
of hostile Indians did not contemplate
that Indians should come into Mexico,
military insignia should come into Mexico,
where they have committed so many
raids, and then succeeded in returning to
their reservations as innocent men, and
be clothed by the United States gov-
ernment."

HE LED A DUAL EXISTENCE.

Romantic Life of an Associate of the Cen-
tral Pacific Crowd.

A STORY EQUAL TO KISSANE'S.

The Criminal Maintenance of Two
Households—His Ingenuity
in Preventing a Meeting
of the Women.

"California is full of people, and some
quite prominent ones, too, whose ante-
cedents could they be revealed, would
surpass in interest the story of Kissane-
Rogers," said a gentleman formerly con-
nected with the law department of the
Central Pacific railway in conversation at
one of the down-town clubs yesterday.

"Kissane is not the only man who, when
he drifted to the golden shore, forgot to
take his name with him. Did you ever
hear the story of John Miller? That is a
tale of romance beside which the Kissane
revelation sinks into the commonplace.
If you have half an hour to spare I will
tell it to you. I was one of the attorneys
that worked up the case and am entirely
familiar with it. The Miller explosion
occurred about eight years ago, and it
caused a greater sensation in California
than any similar development that, had
ever come to light. Not that such things
are uncommon or unexpected in that
country, but the high position Miller had
held, the men of mighty wealth and
prominence with whom he had associ-
ated in business, the social standing of
all the parties, the elegance in which
Miller's family lived—all these things in-
vested the affair with an absorbing inter-
est. To say that society in San Francisco
and Sacramento was shocked when all
the facts became known but feebly con-
veys my meaning."

"Some time about 1884 there came to
Sacramento from Virginia a large, im-
posing looking man who introduced him-
self as John Miller. He was very reticent
—in fact, so much so as to reach al-
most brusqueness in repelling advances
to learn more of himself than he chose to
tell. But he was of very quiet habits and
as he was evidently a gentleman and a
man of marked ability, he soon made
friends and powerful ones. Miller was a
man of large wealth, and he sought the
acquaintance only of men of like calibre.
Though not rich, he had means suffi-
cient for his support. He seemed in no
haste to get either employment or en-
gagement in business. He lived the life of
a gentleman of independent means, and
was well informed on public affairs as
any of the leading public men whose ac-
quaintance he made and whose friend-
ship he formed. He took great inter-
est in the construction of the overland
railroad, and had many conferences
with Stanford, Crocker and Hopkins on
the subject. Mark Hopkins was espe-
cially impressed with Miller's comprehen-
sive and sagacious views on financial
matters connected with the road and its
building. Not one of the railroad syn-
dicate but respected Mr. Miller and gave
him as much of their confidence as was
consistent with their relations as gentle-
men. Miller had a wonderful degree of
magnetism. He was also the soul of candor
and truthfulness, and he made such an
impression upon the minds of Crocker
and Crocker too, that it began to be sug-
gested among the railroad men that if Mr.
Miller could be induced to accept some
position of trust and responsibility he
could be made most useful. Nobody
thought of investigating the antecedents
of the man; they had known him nearly
a year; besides it never was the fashion
in California to go behind the returns.
Once across the road the most reliable
you come into an atmosphere of trust
and confidence."

"So when the Contract & Finance com-
pany was organized—that great wheel
which was the organization by which the
four railroad builders made princely fortunes
—John Miller was invited by his friend
Hopkins to become its secretary. As it
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farmers in Chihuahua, from whom they
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The firing was at once stopped, and it
was not afterward renewed, as alleged by
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had already been killed before the firing
ceased, but as soon as the Mexicans re-
alized what had happened they ex-
pressed their sincere sorrow for the un-
fortunate mistake, while the Americans
likewise expressed their regret at the
death of Corredor. The Indians then
agreed to restore the stolen cattle, which
they committed the raids aforementioned
on Mexican territory. They were dressed
just like the hostile Indians and had in
their possession the stolen cattle, which
led them to believe that they were
a formal demand was made for it by
the Mexicans. It is not true that Captain
Crawford waived a white handkerchief
when he came out of the rocks."

The Americans wore no uniforms or
insignia of any character whatever, nor
did they show any proof of being what
they represented themselves to be, except
a single scrap of paper written and
signed with a pencil. The cattle found in pos-
session of the Mexicans as belonging to some
farmers in Chihuahua, from whom they
had been stolen. The agreement allow-
ing the regular troops only of either
country to cross the boundary in pursuit
of hostile Indians did not contemplate
that Indians should come into Mexico,
military insignia should come into Mexico,
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